

The Democratic Pioneer.

TRUTH, JUSTICE AND THE CONSTITUTION.

BY L. D. STARKE.

DEMOCRATIC PIONEER
L. D. STARKE,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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corner of Main and Broad streets

POETRY.

YOU REALLY THINK HE DID?

tilt till the twilight,

and yet he did not come,

ayed along the brook-side

and slowly wandered home,

in who should come behind me,

and him I would have bid;

and he came to find me—

you really think he did?

and that since we parted

I'd thought of nothing so sweet,

the moment we should meet.

gave me where half-shaded,

eastage house lay hid;

and for me he made it—

you really think he did?

and when first he saw me—

he seemed at once divine—

and he defamed of angels,

and every face was mine.

gave a voice, when sleeping,

half all his hopes forlorn,

when he waked up weeping—

you really think he did?

—

THE INDIAN SACRIFICE.

THE INDIAN SACRIFICE.

BY L. D. STARKE.

an impartial history

to do justice to the original red

of the country. And when our great

black shall arise and gild

the land, in turning over the bloody

and bones of the white

since we will find the persecutions for

and hostilities in a large majority

from the white. It is not

useless to enter at all into the

the opinion we are only now

at a single incident as an illustration

of our race.

Philip, the bold and valiant

and daring to

and exception his great design of

leaving all the white by a general

from the very numerous tribes

of New England, there was a for-

table residing about the mouth of

the river, in Maine, governed by a

an chief, whose name was Squando.

This chief had always lived on terms

of amity with the English

and endeavored to draw them into

they could make no impression

upon Squando. He turned a

all their entreaties, coldly re-

and then told them tell

the hatchet had been buried on the

the Saco, and no war-whoop

should to disturb its quiet valley.

the white man is my brother," said

we live in the same woods,

and our canoes on the same waters,

and his table and eat with him,

and he comes to my wigwam

and his pipe of peace without fear,

the rations for food, and soft bed-

for clothing, and he gives me

and hatchets, and whatever I

why should I raise my tomahawk

my white brother? The tree or

grown above our heads; let it

no light come upon it forever!

Philip is a great chief, said Squando,

let him beware how he crosses

his path. The tribes of the

the Presumpset, and the Androscog-

and the Kennebec, all look up to

with fear and respect, and will

the bow while the arrows of

remain quiet in his quiver?

after year the messenger of Philip

with the same answer from Squando,

the white man is my friend. I will

the hatchet against him?

Squando was not only a powerful sach-

but he exercised also the office of

the powwow, and the mysteries and

he practiced his art to give his

influence over the neighboring tribes,

and were tall passed, and the restless

of Philip had driven on his great

prize with untiring assiduity. Many

had joined his league, frequent acts

had been committed, and a

and portentous hung over the

of New England, which threatened

destruction to the white inhabitants.

Squando remained the faithful friend

the whites, and kept the tribes around

in a peaceful attitude, till a cruel and

provoked aggression upon his domestic

invited him to vengeance.

In a bright summer day in 1675, Lin-

the wife of Squando, paddled her

the spot where Lindoyah had met the sail-

the

</

A CLEVER JEU D'ESPRIT.
The St. Louis Pilot publishes the following jeu d'esprit, which is highly characteristic of Benton's rude madness. It is very much on a par with his silly, pompous and raving speeches and letters:

WASHINGTON CITY, Aug. 8 1854.

To the Editor of the Missouri Democrat:

Sir: In 1846 I stated repeatedly in my public speeches in the State of Missouri, (God d—n the State,) that the old saying that 'Republies are ungrateful' was a falsehood and a calumny, sir; but I now find that I was then mistaken. I am now fully convinced of the truth of the old saying—Republies are ungrateful, sir. I have been beaten for Congress in my own district, sir, and I know, sir, that no such result could have been produced except by the basest ingratitude, sir. Am I not Old Bullion, sir? Did not I, solitary and alone, put the Expunging Resolution in motion? Didn't I advocate in many speech es the reduction of the duty on Salt? Didn't I throttle and kill that monster, the United States Bank? Was not I in the Senate for thirty years, and have I not written a thirty years view, sir? Tell me, sir, that Republies are ungrateful, sir. No sir—and if you affirm to the contrary, sir, you are a liar and a dirty dog, sir—misrepresenting the truth for criminal purposes, sir. But I know who it was that beat me, sir—it was not the Whigs, sir—it was the Nullifiers, sir—they are scamps and rascals, sir—they must have been in cahoots with the 6,000 victims who died of cholera in St. Louis in 1849.—Yes sir, a *conclave*, sir—con with, and *clavia* a key, sir—looked up with them, sir. And sir, I assert in the shade of C—, that I look up with them, and held their key, sir. For these base conspirators against 'me and mine' sir, are nothing but adjuncts of Calhoun, sir—yes sir, adjuncts of Calhoun, sir—joined to him, sir. Ad, to, and *junctus* joined. Yours inveterately.

THOS. H. BENTON.

An extraordinary abduction took place in the city of Natchez recently. A little boy, two years old, the son of Mr. Pasbache, of that city, was stolen from his mother by a man named Drury, living twelve miles from Natchez. When the human theft was discovered, a party of armed men followed to the rescue, and arrived at Drury's house late in the night. They found all parties in bed, the little abducted fellow sleeping soundly and easily between Drury and his wife! The man was incarcerated in Natchez jail and the child returned to its mother. Mr. Pasbache, however, on learning that Drury was drunk when he kidnapped the child, and that he was an honest and industrious man of good character, abandoned the prosecution, and the man was set free. The singular reason assigned by him for taking the child while intoxicated was that himself and wife had been long married, were without offspring, and he had determined upon the possession of a baby "by hook or crook!"

GAVE HIM THE MITTEN.—"Ah, mon dieu! mon dieu," said Monsieur Mellemot to his friend Sniffins, "my sweetheart have give me de mittin!"

"Indeed—how did that happen?"

"Well, I thought I must go to make her von visit before I leave town; so I step in de room, and I behold her beautiful pison stretch out on von lazy."

"A lounge, you mean."

"Ah, yes—von lounge. And den I make von politie branch, and—"

"You mean a politie bow."

"Ah, yes von bough. And den I say I vas ver sure she would be decayed, if I did not come to see her before I—"

"You say what?"

"I said she would be *decayed* if—"

"That's enough. You have 'put your foot in it,' to be sure."

"No, sare. I put my foot out of it, for she says she would call her sacre big brother and *kick* me out; be gar. I had intended to say mortified, but I could not think of the word, and mortify and decay is all de same as von, in my dictionnaire."

ANOTHER KNOW NOTHING.—A sea of meadows was before him, its green surface waving regularly to the breeze and every wing betokened a houseless traveller, and lonely night.—Suddenly he caught a glimpse of smoke, and hurrying to it, he found a little cabin with a buxom, handsome woman of some 25 years, its only occupant. Without alighting from his horse, our friend first enquired for his way.

"My good woman, which is the way to P—, a little settlement, as he thought some ten miles off.

"I know nothing about it at all—was the woman's rather unsatisfactory response.

"Well, my good woman how far from here is the main road to D—, naming the point of her destination, again inquired the anxious traveller.

"I know nothing about that either, returned the occupant of the cabin.

"But my good woman you certainly must know the road to S—, naming the place which he had left that morning.

"I know nothing about either, either, I tell ye, one more broke forth from the lips of the female.

"Well, madam, I'm sorry for that; but can you tell me the road to any place? finally enquired our friend, thinking that some information, no matter what, was better than a vast negative of knowledge.

"Tell ye, I know nothing whatsoever, I'm just married! Can't you be satisfied?" Wilkinson Whig.

Washington National Monument.—The government of Greece has forwarded to Washington a block of marble, taken from the Parthenon in order "that it may serve to adorn, however humbly, the monument destined to perpetuate the remembrance of the great founder of American independence."

Horrified to Relate.—What is the matter Julia, you look as sorrowful as a sick dog? "Oh! don't perplex me, that's a dear; my grief is too great for utterance. I have had such an awful vision—I actually dreamed that Rosa Smith had got a new silk dress."

Dick who was hung at Dayton, Ohio the other day, was inclined to have no faith in any religion but the Catholic; yet he was visited occasionally by Protestant ministers. About a week before he was hung he was asked by one of these gentlemen, a wretched and talented man—"Have you any objection to my praying with you?" "Igness not," said Dick, "every little helps."

The toothache may be cured by holding in the right hand a certain root—the root of the tooth.

Democratic Pioneer.



TUESDAY MORNING, Sept. 26, 1854

N. C. AGRICULTURAL FAIR.

The citizens of Raleigh are making extensive arrangements for the holding of the second annual Fair of the North Carolina Agricultural Society in that city beginning on the 17th of October ensuing. A public meeting was held there on the 12th inst., and committees appointed to take charge of visitors and see that they are properly bestowed. The Fair grounds are being fitted up and improved for the benefit of exhibitors, and all articles intended for exhibition will pass free over the Raleigh & Gaston Railroad.

THE SENATOR.—The Washington Daily Globe says: "It is stated that the election of the Hon. J. C. Dobbin, as United States Senator from North Carolina, has been definitely arranged, and that Mr. Mallory, of Florida, will succeed him as head of the Navy Department."

We cannot but regret to see the publication of such announcements as the above.

Whether written by an indiscreet friend or a malignant enemy of Mr. Dobbin, its tendency is to prejudice the claims of that gentleman to the distinguished position alluded to. Who "arranged" this matter? The people of North Carolina are fully competent to take care of their own interests; the Legislature of the State is the tribunal, and the only tribunal, authorized to settle the question of the Senatorship; and dictation or interference from any other quarter will be indignantly spurned as officious intermeddling. No surer means could have been adopted, of injuring Mr. Dobbin; and we protest against any man's being prejudiced by such ridiculous stuff, emanating from Washington City or elsewhere.

Mr. Charles C. Clark, editor of the Newbern Atlantic, has disposed of his paper to Mr. J. H. Muse, who has changed its name to the "Newbern Journal." And its change of name is not all—for its principles are also changed from Whig to Democratic. The late editor in announcing the change of owner, name and principles of the "Atlantic," says:

The Journal will advocate the measures of the Democratic Party, which I very much regret. I could find no Whig purchaser; and reasons variant in their character, the most important of which would knock down any man looking alone to his wits for support, compelled me to sell to whom I could.

Whig purchasers of newspapers are getting scarce, and we are glad to see Whig papers sold to Democratic purchasers. Democracy is progressive, while Whiggery is retrogressive.

We welcome the "Journal" into our ranks, and with it abundant success under Democratic auspices.

THE WHIGS AND FOREIGNERS.

Two years ago (says the Richmond Enquirer) General Scott and the Whig leaders traveled the entire country, pleading for foreign Catholic votes and denouncing Gen. Pierce and the Democratic party as being their enemies. Every whig paper took the same course.

Gen. Scott loved the rich Irish brogue and sweet German accent, and his tones swallowed the declaration with thrilling satisfaction. They roll it as a sweet morsel under their tongues; and one would suppose, from their demonstrations of pleasure, that they had achieved a signal triumph. They do not indeed claim it as a Whig victory, *de nomine*. But what is the difference? They rejoice over what they are pleased to denominate a *Democratic defeat*; and even though that defeat should involve themselves in the terrible consequences, yet a Democratic defeat is made the cause of Whig rejoicing! It is enough for them to know that the Democracy are routed; and, like Samson of old, they seem willing to witness the crumbling of the pillars of the Constitution, and themselves share a common ruin, if only the Democracy may also be crushed! Could madness go farther?

The Whig party at the North is utterly unsound and rotten on the slavery question. They have eschewed all connection with their Southern brethren, and united themselves to the numberless factions of every description there, in a war upon the Democracy. It is an established fact, for which the records of the country are avouched, that the only conservative party at the North, upon the subject of slavery, is the Democratic party. And yet, with a strange infatuation, Southern Whigs are found rejoicing in the defeat of the latter! *Cui bono?* What is the good of it? Look at the character of the "fusionists" at the North, and of the victories they have achieved. They are all dead against Southern interests and Southern honor. They are all aimed at the institution of slavery—a Southern institution. And yet, forsooth, so deep is the spirit of malignant hatred to their ancient adversary, that Southern Whigs rise up and proclaim it a *defeat* of the Democracy—as if that defeat was not freighted with as many deep disasters and heavy woes to themselves as to the Democracy! Upon this question, the interests of all Southern men are identical. Their destiny is the same. Why, then, should Southern Whigs exult over the success of a mongrel combination, whose chief and sole object is the disturbance of the peace of the South? What surer means could be employed to bring about a severance of the bonds that now unite the Union as a common brotherhood? The time has come when the South should be united as a man, and when Northern fanatics should receive no encouragement—nay, should be sternly rebuked—by all Southern men. Still, Southern Whigs clinging to the shadow of a defunct organization with the tenacity of desperation and the zeal of devotees!

The Forrest Divorce Case is said to be still on the carpet. An elaborate bill of exceptions has been prepared and a motion for a new trial to be argued when Mr. John Van Buren, counsel for Mr. Forrest, returns from Europe. It is said that no payment has yet been made to Mrs. Forrest, on account of the alimony awarded her; the appellant having given security to abide the event.—N. Y. Com. Adv.

The toothache may be cured by holding in the right hand a certain root—the root of the tooth.

Godey's Lady's Book, for October, has been received. An excellent No.

THE MADNESS OF PARTY.

At no period within our recollection, nor, we believe, within the recollection of any man, has the spirit of abolition fanaticism been more rampant than at the present time. The passage of the Nebraska-Kansas bill, together with the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, seems to have given a fresh impulse to the fanaticism of the Northern agitators, and now they appear to be wrought up to the highest pitch of demoniacal madness. Even the liberty of speech—hitherto regarded as one of the most sacred bulwarks of republican freedom—has been ruthlessly trampled under foot by them, and they have given evidence of a determination not to tolerate the expression of sentiments variant from their own. The administration is denounced, and every man who sustained it in its late adjustment of the territorial controversy is denounced, in terms of unmeasured bitterness.

By a combination—or, as it is now called, a "fusion"—of all the odds and ends of all the miserable factions that infest the free States; Whiggery, Free-soilism, Know-Nothingism, Maine-Liquor-Lawism, and all the other *isms*—the Democracy have been defeated in several elections lately held in Northern States. We admit the fact, that the Democracy have been defeated. The best of parties, standing upon the best of principles, are liable to occasional defeat; and when the disaffected made up of all factions fraternize with each other and unite in a common effort to overthrow a single adversary, ephemeral victory sometimes perches upon their mongrel banner. Log-cabins, coon-skins, hard cider, and kindred humbugs, triumphed over the old Democracy in 1840; and since that day, all manner of shifts and expedients have been resorted to by desperate politicians to accomplish the same object. And we regret to say, that in some of the State elections recently held at the North they have succeeded. But success achieved under such circumstances must be transitory.

We are not surprised at the course of these "fusionists" of the North. Necessity makes strange bed-fellows; and hence it is no marvel to witness the welding together of incongruous elements into a heterogeneous mass of *isms*. Men stung by defeat and maddened by disaster, sometimes become reckless and even desperate; and if recklessness and desperation may be attributed to any factions, most worthy are those of the North of the ascription. Nor are we surprised at the temporary defeat of the Democracy at the hands of such an unholy combination. Let, then, the Northern fanatics enjoy their brief triumph, for it will be ephemeral.

But we are surprised somewhat—if, indeed, anything can now surprise us—at the *gusto* with which Southern Whigs triumphantly boast of the rebuke which they allege has been administered to the administration and the Democratic party. They laud us, and chuckle at our defeat, with a zest which indicates the highest satisfaction.

They roll it as a sweet morsel under their tongues; and one would suppose, from their demonstrations of pleasure, that they had achieved a signal triumph. They do not indeed claim it as a Whig victory, *de nomine*. But what is the difference?

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Correspondence of the Pioneer.

RAWLEY SPRINGS, Va.

Sept. 20, 1854.

MR. EDITOR:—It being quite unfashionable (what slaves we are to fashion!) to remain in the cities during the hot Summer months, all who can seek some cool nook in the country, or resort to some fashionable watering place on the seaboard or in the mountains. The springs in the mountains of Virginia have a world-wide reputation for the healing properties of their waters, and are, withal, most pleasant resorts for social enjoyment. Hence numberless crowds from all parts of the Union flock to these mountains in search of either health or pleasure—or perhaps both.

In obedience to the requirements of one or the other of these powerful moving causes, I, like the rest, must needs leave the city, and though, from a very brief but delightful visit to your famous watering place, "Nags Head," on a former occasion, I had a strong partiality for that retreat, yet controlling circumstances caused me to bend my steps towards the mountains of Virginia. So took the cars at the Central Railroad Depot, Richmond, and off we started for the mountains—the train being filled with passengers who were wending their way thither, some for the purpose of display, and others to recuperate their feeble health; and lastly, (from the appearance of several bright-eyed, joyous looking misses) building castles in the air and devising schemes how they might conquer the most hearts; these and such like thoughts would intrude upon me, as there was little to attract attention on the road from Richmond to Charlottesville, until we arrived at the iron bridge, which caused a suspension of our breathing faculties for several seconds, when we again relapsed into indifference as to outward appearances, and were not aroused till we got in sight of Monticello, the seat of Thomas Jefferson, and by association rendered sacred to every patriot's heart. In a few moments we were in the thriving town of Charlottesville which can boast of the noblest literary institution in the Union. The buildings are beautiful and well arranged, but I think the citizens are culpable in not exerting themselves to have a walk way extending from the university to main street. But we are again on route for Stanton and having never crossed the blue ridge, I had not the slightest idea of the transcendently beautiful scenery that met my gaze at every turn; and while slowly wending our way over the temporary track erected until the great tunnel is completed, our thoughts became elevated while gazing out at the glorious landscape spread out before us; and looking from nature up to nature's God, I could but inwardly exclaim—"The hand that made it is divine." Range after range of undulating mountains, covered with a soft blue mist, wound gracefully along for miles, and I shall not soon forget the thrilling sensation produced by the last lingering look I took of that enchanting scenery.

But the cars are in sight of Staunton, chiefly noted as the locality of the Lunatic Asylum and the Blind and Dumb Institution, both unsurpassed for beauty of architecture. Apart from these, the place possesses but few attractions; consequently we tarried but a short time, and took the stage early next morning to get to Harrisonburg—a charming little town about 25 miles distant—to breakfast. After partaking of a hearty meal we stepped into a rude hack which was to convey us to our destination—the Rawley Springs, they being some 12 miles yet ahead, and over the roughest road I ever travelled. We were however compensated for the hard jolts we got by listening to the agreeable conversation of a stranger we took in at the goodly town of H., who was a young lawyer, *alias* lady-killer; and, be sure, our hearts beat high with the hope of making a conquest, when lo! on reaching the springs this delectable unknown had come to see his lady love! This was a damper; but speedily rallying from such a defeat in the outset we determined to enjoy ourselves, as well as derive as much benefit as possible from the water, which is said to be the strongest chalybeate in the State—hence our selection of said springs. They are romantically located in a wild, rocky portion of western Virginia. The medicinal qualities of the water being the chief attraction, this particular place is rarely even crowded with visitors; yet we had quite enough to make our sojourn there pleasant and agreeable. Having some little curiosity about me, I desired to penetrate beyond the limits of Rawley, and hearing there were some springs styled *Union* about three miles distant, a party was gotten up, and off we started in search of them. Being but a poor equestrian, I came very near having a *bona fide* adventure, as, on descending the mountain, I found myself and saddle on the horse's neck, in close proximity to his ears—but saved myself by springing to the ground, preferring to walk—and began to think there was more truth than poetry in the sentiment.

"Tis distance lends enchantment to the view And robes the mountain in its azure hue."

Nor did I have cause to alter my opinion on reaching Union springs; I had never conceived of any place on the globe so rude, wild and uninhabitable. The poor would have selected it when he gave utterance to the sentiment

"Oh! for a lodgin' some fast wilderness!"

A few rude cabins huddled together occupied save by one or two, was all that greeted our eyes; and after resting a short time, we gladly retraced our steps, our hearts being more than gratified, and

we were perfectly content to put up with the accommodations Rawley afforded.

MARINE REPORT.

For the week ending yesterday.

JOSEPH T. M'CAFFREY, REPORTER.

ARRIVED.

Julia Ann, Keller, from West Indies
A. M. P. Whedbee, Holt, from Baltic
Stagg, Chaddick, from Norfolk.
John Boushell, Wymore, from Baltimore
Ann D. Collins, Thornton, from Norfolk
Berrie, Gray, from Alexandria
Ossola, —, from Baltimore
Charlotte, Willis, from Norfolk
Archam, Hubbard, —, do
Pennsylvania, —, do
Schultz, Halsey, from Nag's Head
SAILED.

Sarpath, McCabe, to Baltimore.

Sarah Ann, Simmons, —, do

John, Mercer to Norfolk.

Susan & Margaret, Hobbs, —, do

Dore & Eliza, Sykes, —, do

Mary Louisa, Owens, to Alexandria

Ben Franklin, Ives, to Deep Creek

Engone, Cohoon, to Norfolk

Romane, Armer, —, do

Cipid, Sawyer, —, do

Monterey, Poyner, —, do

D. V. Sessions, Lyon, —, do

EXCURSION TO BALTIMORE.

CATE FAIR AND CAT SHOW.

James Cannon, will make a feature to Northern Carolina, Capt.

Exursion to Baltic, —, do

MONDAYS, 5 miles, Norfolk, at 5 p.m., affording an opportunity to witness the Fair and see an opportunity at a cheap rate.

For the round trip \$5, good to return before Saturday the 5th October.

Hot Air Furnaces and Heaters of every description put up at the shortest notice.

J. R. SMALL & CO., Norfolk, Va.

Sept 12

FALL STOCK OF TIN WARE, STOVES, &c., WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

MERCHANTS and dealers will find it to their advantage to call at our extensive establishment, where we will find the best and largest assortment of Tin Ware, Stoves, &c., suitable for the city and country trade. Our facilities for manufacturing are extensive, our workmen are inferior to none in the country, the quality of which needs no commendation, as it is well known we are desirous of making our establishment the great Southern Depot for Tin Ware, and with such inducements to accomplish this object, we will attend promptly to any orders we may be favored with. We ask attention to the following:

MERCHANTS' WARE.

Coffee Pots, 1 to 10 qts, plain and riveted

Coffee Pots 2 to 10 do

Covered Pots, 10 to 20 quarts

Dish Pans, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and oval

Saucepans, Pots, 1 to 8 quarts

Milk Strainers, plain and patent

Milk Pans, 3 sizes; Candle Moulds

Oval and square Bread Pans

Funnels, 5 inch; Nest Cups, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 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POET'S CORNER.

THE SACRIFICE.

Where the winds are wildly weeping,
And the weeds are growing rank,
You may see an artist wandering
Up and down the river bank.
There the owl his broad wings flappeth,
And the sullen waters flow,
Fitting company for the artist,
Wrestling with the heart's first woe.

Lu his hands he holds a letter,
And it tells him all is o'er;
And that she, the cold, proud maiden,
Ought not, dare not, love him more.
Th' her hand to him was plighted,
Yet she drove him from her side,
Telling him that she could never
Bear to be a poor man's bride.

Go with me to your tall mansion,
Where the laugh is ringing light,
You may see the heartless maiden
At the altar clad in white.
And when first your eyes rest on her,
You would love the maiden fair,
Never dreaming that she wedeth
Wealth and rank with cold despair.

For she loves the youthful artist,
Yet she yields to Mammon's sway,
Gives her hand without her young heart,
Throwing joy and peace away.

Follow me to yon lone cottage,
Where the walls around are bare,
You may see the cold, proud maiden
Saddly brought to want and care.

You may see the moonlight glimmer
Through the wild elemis vine,
O'er the sad and pale broid' weep'r,
Mourning o'er her ruined shrine.

On her brow the shadows deepen,
Thinks she of the artist now,
Wandering through the world solonely,
With a grief upon his brow?

Where thy pride, O stately maiden?

Where thy riches? Have they gone?

Yes, they've gone and left these weeping,

With no hope to rest upon.

Vain regret and self-upbraiding.

Naught avail thy lot so hard;

Did the sacrifice requite thee?

Maiden, hast thou thy reward?

JULY 18, 1854. ALICE.

GENERAL SELECTIONS.

TAKING IN A KNOWING ONE.

THE BITTER BIT.

Mr. Travers Denham, a resident of Calcutta, was a civilian of dashing exterior and plausible ways, though in fact a *roué*—an adventurer—one who sought to be and to play at every opportunity, and who *always* won, and won in such a manner as to raise strange suspicions in the breast of a certain Major Byrne, whose regiment was then stationed in the above city.

It so happened that the latter one day entered the house of an official personage—one who, in a manner, figured high in the society of Calcutta—whose hospitality was equal to his wealth, and whose urbanity and fine nature were on a par with both. On being shown into a splendid drawing room, where some furniture just received from Europe lay unpacked, he found Mr. Travers Denham, arrived there before him, in conversation with the host, who was warmly pressing him to dine with him next day. Carelessly saluting Denham, Byrne advanced to the chimney-piece, at the side of which a small concave mirror, of an elegant but still old-fashioned shape, was fixed among a group of small paintings.

When Denham was gone, Major Byrne turned to his host, and said, "If Mr. Denham offers to make a bet with you about that table, pointing to a new one, 'take him at his word.'

"A bet! The table! my dear fellow!"—began the other.

"Whist, and listen to me," said the Major; and he communicated to his friend what, by the extravagant fit of laughter it produced, must have been highly amusing.

The morrow came. The guests assembled, and with them were Major Byrne and Mr. Denham. Among the articles of furniture remarked, was the new dining-table, and as Byrne had expected, Denham was on the *qui vive*.

The table would certainly be a splendid one; yet it is not a little too high," observed the latter, with a knowing glance at its proportions.

"Too high! Nonsense," returned its owner, laughing. "It's only the usual height—say thirty inches."

"My eye is rarely deceived," said Denham confidently; "and I am certain that it is more than that—say, that it is one and thirty inches high."

"Well, I think this time your eye does deceive you," retorted the host; "and—

"And I am so confident of the contrary, continued Denham, that I should not mind making a wager it is the full measure I state."

Their host looked at Byrne, who winked drolly in return, unobserved by the clever gambler, and then he quietly replied:

"A wager! My dear fellow, you would be sure to lose, take my word for it."

"Yes, eh! and Denham smiled. "Well, if you like, I'll bet you a cool thousand—say, two—that it is you who are in the wrong."

"Two thousand?" and their host shook his head and looked very gravely at Denham, and again at the table.

"Yes, two thousand!" said Denham, getting warm—with eagerness, and taking out his pocket-book, from which he counted out notes to that amount. He had fleeced several young fellows lately—been "lucky," he called it, without remorse—and was tolerably flush of money.

"Why," hesitated the challenged, "I think it would be foolish to wager, but by gad! I don't like to be put at defiance, and so I'll bet; and at the instant he drew forth the like sum, which, with Denham's two thousand, was deposited with a gentleman present."

"You are sure to loss," cried Denham, triumphantly, and scarcely able to conceal his delight.

"I am certain to win," the host said very gravely, as with expectation on tiptoe, a private in the engineers, who was at hand and called in, proceeded to measure the height of the table.

"Thirty inches!" pronounced the latter, after a pause.

"What?" cried Denham with a start of rage flushing, and then turning pale. "It must be a mistake!"

EPICRAM.

The other day, says Ned and Joe, Near Bedlam's confines groping,
"Whene'er I hear the sounds of woe,
My hand is always open."

"One 'ow," says Joe, "that to the poor
You prove it every minute;

Your hand is open, to be sure,

But there is nothing in it!"

"E'ye 'Jake, did you carry that umbrella home that I borrowed yesterday?" "No, father, you have often told me to lay up something for a rainy day, and as I thought it would rain before long I have laid the umbrella up."

"What passage in this morning's exercises did you like best?" asked a censured young cleryman of the celebrated Robert Hall. "Your passage out of the pulpit," was the reply.

NAVY BEEF AND PORK FOR 1855.

NAVY DEPARTMENT.

Bureau of Provisions and Clothing

Aug. 24th, 1854.

SEALED PROPOSALS, endorsed "Proposals for Beef" and "Proposals for Pork," as the case may be, will be received at this office until 12 o'clock m. on Saturday, the 30th day of September next, for furnishing and delivering, free of all cost and risk to the United States, at the following navy-yards:

Barrels beef.	Barrels pork.
At Charlestown, Mass.	1,400 1,200
At Brooklyn, N. Y.	2,600 2,400
At Gosport, Va.	1,400 1,200
	5,400 4,800

One-third of said beef and pork must be delivered at each of the above-named yards respectively by the first day of February, 1855; one-third by the first day of April, 1855; and the remaining one-third by the thirty-first day of May, 1855; unless earlier deliveries should be required by the chief of this bureau. Payment to be made within thirty days after delivery.

Butchers must specify their prices separately and distinctly in separate offers for the beef and for the pork, and for each of the places of delivery, covering all expenses and all charges.

The beef must be from well-fattened cattle, slaughtered between the 1st day of November, 1854, and the first day of January, 1855, and weighing not less than six hundred pounds, net weight, each.

The legs and leg rands of the hind quarters, and the shins and shoulder clods, the shoulders of mutton and ends of sticking pieces, and at least eight pounds from the neck end of each fore quarter, or the parts marked Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5, on the drawing or delineation of the fore and hind quarters of an ox, which will be attached to and from a part of the contract must be wholly excluded from each barrel, and the remainder of the carcass, instead of being cut with a cleaver, must be cut through with a saw and knife, to give the meat a square, neat, and smooth appearance, in pieces of not less than eight pounds each.

The pork must be packed from corn-fed, well-fattened hogs slaughtered between the first day of November, 1854, and the first day of January, 1855, and weighing not less than two hundred pounds each. The legs and leg rands of the hind quarters, and the shins and shoulder clods, the shoulders of mutton and ends of sticking pieces, and at least eight pounds from the neck end of each fore quarter, or the parts marked Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5, on the drawing or delineation of the fore and hind quarters of an ox, which will be attached to and from a part of the contract must be wholly excluded from each barrel, and the remainder of the carcass, instead of being cut with a cleaver, must be cut through with a saw and knife, to give the meat a square, neat, and smooth appearance, in pieces of not less than eight pounds each.

This scheme soon became known to some of the sinners, and no sooner known than a counterplot was hatched. It was determined that one of the boys should array himself in the dress of a lady, or in so much of a lady's dress as he could get, and he knew how to get on: that another young gentleman should accompany this counterfeit young lady upon an evening's walk, and that when they returned they should take good care to be seen by the official spy.

To obtain the necessary materials for a disguise, a descent was made upon the painting room; where the young ladies kept the garments which they used while pursuing their studies; there a gown, shawl, and hood procure, and with those made what served our turn for a lady on the occasion; not very graceful certainly, but well calculated for close inspection, but "she did, as is so shew'd." Thus equipped, the lady and her attendant gentleman saffid forth!

"It was about eleven o'clock of a beautiful summer's evening; and not a sound was to be heard save the faint chirp of the cricket, or the far-off bark of some sleeping out. The faintest foot-fall was painfully distinct. The guilty pair passed through the front gate into the village street, and in a few minutes returned, as it had been arranged, that they should be detected at this stage of their crime. As they entered the gate, a signal was made by one of the conspirators to attract the attention of the official look-out.

He approached the window of his room, looked out, when lo! to his eager gaze, in plain sight, appeared the offending pair, apparently unconscious of their danger, and enjoying with great gusto their stolen equipment. The guilty pair descended the stairs, and the door was closed behind them. They commenced a slow retreat. He quickens his step, and they keep their distance. He grows furious at the audacious attempt to escape; and breaks into a desperate run.

"And now commenced a race, the like of which I may never hope to see again. The lady and her attendant gentleman take to flight like startled deer. The steps of the pursued and pursued responded thro' the deserted street like the charging of a squadron of horse. On, on they flew, the pursued gains; the gallant by the gentlewoman leaves him, and with it leaves the lady; and now, poor thing! what shall she do? The foot-steps behind her grow more distinct every moment; she strains every nerve, but her dress impedes her steps; it will not do; she must either yield to fate or else adopt a desperate and last resort. And then, in her frenzy throwing aside all maiden modesty, she seizes the skirts of her dress, and quickly drawing them up around her waist, with freed limbs she dashes away, and is soon beyond the reach of pursuit.

And the pursuer will, unless otherwise directed by the chief of this bureau, be inspected by the inspecting officers at the respective navy-yards aforesaid, and by some "stern inspector of sealed provisions" who will be elected by the respective commanding officers; but their charge for such inspections must be paid by the respective contractors, who must likewise have the barrels put in good shipping order, to the satisfaction of the commandants of the respective navy-yards aforesaid, after inspection, and at their own expense.

Two or more approved sureties in a sum equal to one-half the estimated amount of the contract will be required, and ten per cent in addition will be withheld from the amount of each payment to be made, as collateral security for the due and faithful performance of the respective contracts, which will on no account be paid for, unless the contracts are complied with in all respects; and is to be forfeited to the United States in the event of failure to complete the deliveries within the prescribed period. In case of failure on the part of the contractor to deliver all or any of the beef or pork above mentioned, of the quality and at the time and place above provided, the contractor will forfeit and pay to the United States, as liquidated damages, a sum of money equal to twice the amount of the contract price to be paid in case of the actual delivery thereof; which liquidated damages may be recovered from time to time as they accrue. Payment will be made by the United States at the periods above specified, (excepting the ten per cent to be withheld until the completion of the contract, as before stated,) after the said beef and pork shall have been inspected and received, and bills for the same shall have been presented to the navy agents, respectively, duly approved by the commandants of the respective navy-yards, according to the terms of the contract.

The parts of beef to be excluded will be particularly designated in the engraving to be attached to the contract. Persons interested can obtain them, with a drawing of the barrel, on application at this office.

Butchers whose proposals are accepted (and none others) will be forthwith notified, and as early as practicable a contract will be transmitted to them for execution, which contract must be returned to the bureau—transient customers will be supplied at the ice house, and persons in the country ordering will have it carefully packed for them.

J. B. FEARING & BRO., Elizabeth City, N. C.

NEW CARRIAGE WAREROOMS,
NO. 16 UNION STREET, NORFOLK, VA.

THE subscriber takes this mode of informing the public generally that in addition to his former business of upholsterer and dealer in Rugs, Velvet Tapistry, Three Ply, Tapistry Ingrain, Common Ingrain, and Venetian Carpeting, at all prices, from 183 cents to \$2 per yard.

ALSO,

Rugs and Mats, Drapery of all widths, from 44

Door Mat of every description, Stair Linen.

And a new article of Oil Cloth for Stairs, which supersedes the use of Crash or Stair Linen, more durable and less liable to wash out.

OIL CLOTHS

or any widths and at all prices, for Entries,

Balls, Passages, Stairways and Dining Rooms,

CARRIAGE AND CURTAIN GOODS

of every description, silk, cotton, and worsted.

Velvet, Satin, Organdy, Moon, Turkey, Red,

with, with, with, with, with, with, with, with,

and with, with, with, with, with, with